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1922

A Mother's Garden  
of Verse

—  
Rosalind Huidekoper Greene



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# A Mother's Garden of Verse



by

RODALIND HUIDEKOPER GREENE



1922

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W.L.

## To Forestall A Probable Reviewer

“This volume is . . .  
“The effort of an earnest modern woman;  
“Quite civic-minded—(Yes, they all are, now!)  
“And yet intent to bind upon her brow  
“The fillet of a fireside queen and wife:  
“Friends, children, nature, spiritual strife  
“Neatly served up; and, just to show she’s human  
“Some serious love verse, (rather trite in phrasing).  
“The metre isn’t famous; she is chary  
“Of crisp new tones;—a dull vocabulary.  
“There’s courage there, the woman sounds alert;  
“If not original, she is not pert;  
“The pious tone may fall a little flat,  
“But insincere?—no, really, it’s not that.  
“And yet, alas, in the last stern appraising,  
“When to the starry hall of poets we bring  
“The little book, what verdict will it wring  
“Out of the glorious judges? Can they find  
“More than good-will, to which one’s always kind

“But which commodity can hardly be  
“Rechristened and reborn as poetry?  
“One lays the verses down. Were they worth doing,  
“Or, still more serious, are they worth reviewing?””

To  
C. F. H.



## Proem

There are not many themes  
For song. Mirth, sorrow, dreams,  
The hunger to be born again ;  
That other passion in the hearts of men  
To make our earth a place  
Worthy of the Creator's grace.  
Of these we sing,  
Poet, saint and lover, wearying  
Oft of the frail  
Imperfect songs that fail,  
But never of the themes :  
Love, sorrow, heavenly dreams.



## CONTENTS

	Page
LOVE	
The Past . . . . .	3
Ipswich, Sunday Afternoon . . . . .	5
Once Your Dear Laughter . . . . .	6
My Love Flies Over Seas . . . . .	7
November 1920 . . . . .	8
Wistaria . . . . .	9
Dreams . . . . .	10
To One Far Away . . . . .	13
Chartres . . . . .	14
HOME	
Home . . . . .	17
River Houslin . . . . .	18
Against Homes . . . . .	19
Young Mother's Song . . . . .	20
Nursery Rhymes . . . . .	21
Union Station, Washington, June, 1917	22
Mothers . . . . .	23

	Page
A Mother Speaks . . . . .	24
By the Hearth . . . . .	26
Exquisite and Merry One . . . . .	27
Sonnet . . . . .	28
To A Maiden . . . . .	29
To a School Mistress . . . . .	30
Father and Child . . . . .	31
For Travellers . . . . .	32
To Joy in Absence . . . . .	33
To Katrine Rose . . . . .	34
Song . . . . .	35
Ernesta . . . . .	37
Song . . . . .	40
Antibes . . . . .	41
The Mother's Company . . . . .	43

## FRIENDS

To a Dear Guest . . . . .	47
An Evening Letter to a Friend . . . . .	49
Ellen . . . . .	50
William James . . . . .	51
Ella . . . . .	52
Agnes . . . . .	53
To Ernest . . . . .	54
A Saint at Play . . . . .	55
The Intuitionist—Pragmatist . . . . .	56

	Page
To Two Friends . . . . .	57
To an Aviator . . . . .	59
A Portrait . . . . .	60

## WAR

New York . . . . .	65
The Pledged Word 1915 . . . . .	67
America 1915 . . . . .	68
Joy . . . . .	69
At Night . . . . .	70
Earl Kitchener . . . . .	71
Rupert Brooke . . . . .	72
The Emperor . . . . .	73
New Air . . . . .	74
Theodore Roosevelt . . . . .	75
The Last Crusade . . . . .	76

## SUNLIGHT

To Brother Sun . . . . .	79
The Poet's Catch . . . . .	80
Newbury . . . . .	81
An Easter Violet . . . . .	82
Ferns . . . . .	83
Calix Florium . . . . .	84
The Dream . . . . .	87
Lone Pine Hill . . . . .	89

	Page
<b>PRAAYER</b>	
A Song for My Lord . . . . .	93
A Little Song for Death . . . . .	94
To Those Who Make Formulas . . . . .	95
Sisters of Worship . . . . .	96
Grief's Rival . . . . .	97
Sonnet . . . . .	98
His Ways . . . . .	99
Prayer . . . . .	100
On Modern Talk of Sex . . . . .	101
The Captain . . . . .	102
Calvary . . . . .	104
Prayer . . . . .	105

**LOVE**



## The Past

Death cannot take me from my dear,  
For we have pierced too far  
Each other's souls to fear  
The jealous beauty of another star,  
But who shall ever comfort me  
For days he sorrowed long ago,  
And I not near to comfort him, or know  
How, in the forge of agony,  
Faith's sword was hammered, out of woe?  
Once a young wonderer, deep eyed, he stood  
On edge of spring's enchanted wood,  
Heart in flower and sword on high;  
And once a little boy  
Played solemn plays  
Through solitary days  
'Neath childhood's great still sky.  
My darling, where was I?  
These mated years of joy  
And happy sharing,  
Laughter, work, and staunch wayfaring,  
Blessed are, without alloy;  
But I am wistful to have been

Close by you,  
Comrade in your baby sin,  
Your mother weeping  
To behold your lovely sleeping,  
Your first young love, seen through a cloud of dew

## Ipswich, Sunday Afternoon

From a steep crested hill, above the sea  
'Mong wind-swept pines, we gazed forth to the east.  
The earth was splendid as a bridal feast,  
And past the tide-smooth beaches, leisurely  
The ocean flashed. Through black trees we could see  
Far water blue as sapphire; nearer by  
Saw the shoal waters, by the sand-bar, lie  
Light green and amber, gleaming limpidly.

O world of beauty, in the wind-washed air!  
And yet, at last, the shore wind blew us free  
Of ev'n that beauty. Past the world went we  
To stand together for a little space  
Beneath the wings of Death, and fearless there  
We looked upon each other, face to face.

Once your dear laughter tossed my moods away,  
Whirled off the fancies of the vanished years;  
Flung down my scruples, dried my silly tears,  
Blew out night's torch, flung wide the gates of day.  
And after laughter, love spoke, princely gay,  
Till all my quiet pulses leaped and stirred  
Glad as a flag at sea, and swift the word  
Was spoken that no speaking can unsay.

So love and laughter bound me for your own;  
And grief, with iron consecration, came  
To crown our single faith. But there's no name  
For this new peace, beyond all dreams of youth.  
Parting or meeting, we breathe air of truth:  
Behold, I know, even as I am known!

My love flies over seas to fold you round,  
Smooth as the wind. Unseen its tireless flow  
And inescapable. Where'er you go  
I go before. If you climb rocky ground  
A lonely pioneer, my love has crowned  
The cloudy heights; and in your hearth fire's glow,  
Each tiny merry flame that chatters so  
Is fanned by love, and sings with love's gay sound.

Burn up the silly words I write, but know  
No fire can burn my thought; nor floods be found  
To whelm and quench it. Out of mortal woe  
And separation springs immortal power.  
Lo, past the seas of death, in grief's dark hour  
Strong as the wind, my love shall fold you round.

## November 1920

After long rain, a north wind blew the sky  
Into sharp brilliance. All the poplars bent  
Like silver banners, when her spirit went,  
Out from the little room, into that high  
And timeless brilliance. Nothing seemed to die  
Except my pain for her long pain. I knew  
Neither whence came this wind, nor where it blew,  
But it moved strong as immortality.

“Even in the Valley of Death’s shadow I  
“Shall fear no evil,” and I had not feared.  
But when death came, valley and shadow cleared,  
And the slim trees that she had loved, I saw  
Rain-fresh and splendid, while with tearless awe  
I looked on her bright hills and wind-clean sky.

## Wistaria

The slow and difficult tears  
That from the deepest fountain of the heart  
Painfully start,  
Fell down her unstirred face.  
For just at evening, when the work was done,  
Each child laid down to rest in its own place,  
And silent all the house, she saw the sun  
Like a faint fading lantern shine  
Through the wistaria vine:  
She heard a voice, thousands of miles away,  
Teasingly say,  
“In Heaven we will dine  
“On grapes as purple as those clustered flowers.  
“The sun will be our dinner gong  
“And through the pleasant evening hours  
“You’ll sing me a sweet cradle-song  
“Until I fall asleep.”  
Her frozen courage thawed, and once more she  
could dream and weep.

## Dreams

Where lies my well-beloved tonight?  
Has courteous darkness shed  
Its mantle round your sleeping head?  
Or is the moon-filled, misty light  
Like glistening samite spread  
Magically white  
On your crusader's bed?

I pray you, dream!  
Not of the day's  
Ordered and intricate ways,  
But of some flashing mountain stream  
Dashing down broken rocks, to gleam  
Smooth in its lower flight  
Between  
Tall Northern firs, sharp-spired and keen.

Or dream of some old garden, set  
With hearts-ease, and with mignonette,  
Where soft as shadows on the grass,  
Stately as in a minuette,  
Memories turn and glide and pass;  
Of sand dunes grey beneath the moon,  
Measureless, dim,  
A pallid desert stretching to the brim  
Of the immense and grey-waved ocean,  
Whose leisurely and irresistible motion  
Sings a strange tune,  
The exquisite long splash  
Against smooth sand, the curling delicate crash  
Of pebbles flung ashore in foam,  
The tinkling, curious rune  
As the retreating moonlit ripple calls them home.

Or dream of sunset after rain  
In some deep-bosomed wood,  
The dark, sweet-odored solitude,  
The western fires, marked plain  
With interlacing line on line  
Of black-branched pine,  
While in the vaulted flame-lit hush  
Serenely float  
Authentic note on note,  
The slim, pure buglings of a hermit thrush.

Of such fair places, shadowy or clear,  
Dream! Not of me, most dear,  
Although I pray  
For you by night, by day,  
Although my love in silence lies  
Always upon your sleeping eyes,  
Quiet as darkness, and as near.

But into the innocent wonders of your dream  
Wander alone, by stream  
And garden, grove and moonlit sand.  
In that sweet, haunted land  
One wiser than I shall lift your tired hand,  
And keep  
My dear one safe among the mysteries of sleep.

## To One Far Away

My hearth fire dies, the stars ride high,  
And past them, in the winter sky,  
My spirit wanders, swift and far,  
Seeking your name in every star.

I am at peace. The Lord has given  
Your love to me, and love is heaven,  
And if He choose to take away  
Your presence, shall I Him gainsay?

But in the evening stillness I  
Leave earth's dear warmth, and past the sky  
Travel like sea-foam on the wind,  
Seeking to touch your absent mind.

.

## Chartres

We'll go a pilgrimage some day  
To France, to see the Virgin's shrine  
And jewelled glass, your hand in mine  
O Camerado, brave and gay!

Another pilgrimage we'll go  
Together, or if one must wait  
We'll call across the star-locked gate  
Where Sister Death's great roses blow.

**HOME**



## Home

Happiness, laughter, courtesy,  
A house where children merrily  
Obey their parents' word : a home  
Where any friend may come  
On any day or night,  
To share new trouble or delight ;  
Where flowers bloom,  
And winter hearth-fires light the room ;  
A place  
Of work, play, argument and grace ;  
Where folly shall not be reproved,  
And every nobleness is loved ;  
Where the Lord's name is said  
Thankfully, ere morning bread.  
O woman, you who ask  
For some majestic task  
To match you, can you find  
A higher challenge for your mind,  
A sweeter service for your heart,  
Than this familiar work of art ?

## River Houslin

Where sunlight lies on open ground,  
Where cedars top a rocky mound,  
(A little river runnning round)  
Where orchard trees the marshes bound,  
Here let us come.

Where children's voices laugh and call  
(O dreadful Indians in the hall!)  
Where babies learn to romp and crawl  
While kitties wrangle for their ball,  
Here love finds room.

Where friends before the fire sit  
With an old book of cherished wit,  
While sweet uncounted hours flit,  
(Tea comes; we jest and drink of it,)  
Lo ,this is home.

## Against Homes

Can it be fitting that the soul, whose name  
Is called immortal, should so fiercely burn  
With love for little places? Should so yearn  
O'er a white house, and pear trees, and the flame  
Of autumn sumach? Should so fondly claim,  
As of one substance with itself, the turn  
Of a tide river, and the fading fern  
Edging the rock where wild babes shout their game?

Too sweet, too sweet is home, and like a net  
Snares the wild soul, and soothes it, till, grown tame,  
No more it mounts the thin, cold air of dream,  
But slumbers happy by a mortal stream.  
Beware, contented ones, lest ye forget  
The lonely trails of glory and of shame!

## Young Mother's Song

Walled from the world with triple walls  
    Of laughter, love and laboring,  
I to my blessed baby sing,  
    While evening falls.

Bound to the world with threefold chain  
    Of laughter, love and labor sweet,  
I kiss my dove, and happy greet  
    The dawn again.

## Nursery Rhyme

Little rooms in a row,  
Rose, blue, white as snow,  
Amber yellow : little beds  
Waiting for dear sleepy heads.  
Nursery table, set so neat  
Near the ground for little feet.  
Milk in silver mugs, wheat bread  
On a generous platter spread.  
While from out the garden come  
Children's voices, in a hum,  
As if they like bees did sup  
Honey from the day's gold cup.—  
Mother waits upon the stairs,  
Heart all laughter, peace and prayers.

## Union Station, Washington

June 1917

Baby against your mother's breast!  
Soft face, so softly pressed  
Against her comfortable side;  
O unknown woman with that face of pride,  
And the strong arm, holding your baby furled  
Fast in your shawl out of the jostling world,  
Here in this vaulted station where trains meet  
From half the continent, and hurrying feet  
Bear famous men, and women very fair,  
Soldiers and statesmen and old people, bent  
On war or play, business or love's intent;  
Behold, on that stiff seat and in this noisy air,  
You two sit undisturbed there  
O plain-dressed woman and your babe, withdrawn  
As if you sat upon a flowering lawn  
Where lambkins played, and where the mounting dawn  
Made rainbow crowns above your hair!

## **Mothers**

Mothers should be like the sky,  
Shining, calm and very high.

Like the sun that warms one through  
Makes one feel all glad and new.

Or a deep and quiet wood,  
Friendly place for solitude.

Like a dictionary book,  
Every answer at a look.

All this mothers ought to be,  
But they're only—you and me!

## A Mother Speaks

I'd like to loll and read,  
And think deep thoughts on love and life and death,  
But there's the pup to feed;  
Francesca's knitting in a tangle, too—  
“There, dear, I'll knot the blue.  
Now start the pink stripe neatly underneath.”  
I wonder if the saints get out of breath  
Scrubbing the heavenly stairs,  
Or are they always kneeling at their prayers?  
“Oh, children, see! The donkey's run away.  
“He's in the field, tumbling the new-piled hay.  
“Please tie him up.”—“Joy, what's the happy news?  
“Is that a sweet, new kittycat that mews?  
“The blessed, furry, funny little dear!  
“We'll cuddle it right here.”  
Eternal Lord, Whom all the stars obey,  
Whose name the Seasons echo on their way,  
Teach mothers how to live and how to pray.  
“Cookies for supper? Yet, one each, and jam.  
“Why is Katrine in sorrow? Tell me quick.”—  
“Mother, the baby lamb,  
“That little baby lamb that was so sick,

“Is dead! Oh, mother, tell me why?”—  
“My darling one, don’t cry.  
“The precious thing is safe, because God’s love  
“Was always round it here, and up above  
“There will be pastures golden as the sun,  
“Where your dear lamb can crop the flowers, and run  
“All well again, beside a silver brook.”  
“But, mother, I will miss him so!”  
“Darling, I know, I know!”  
O Father in Heaven, look  
Tenderly down on my wee girlie’s woe,  
And comfort her; for how can I declare  
The mystery of that wee lambkin’s breath.  
Thy secret ways, so terrible and fair,  
Thy wonderful ways of love and life and death?

## By the Hearth

Tranced children's faces, listening to the story  
Of ancient love and laughter; towns set fire  
To appease some golden-greavéd King's deep ire;  
Of woodland dells where fairies trip, of hoary  
Old Merlin's cunning, and the legends gory  
Of Cross and Crescent met; of shivering spears  
In endless tourneys betwixt Tristram's peers.  
So the young souls drink up th' immortal glory.

You listening ones, Francesca morning clear,  
Katrine the subtle, Joy so quick to love,  
How, when life calls, will you your spirits prove?  
Still of high hearts and fearless, earth has need.  
Still there are seas to cross; but hero's meed  
Is death to suffer, though so fair to hear.

Exquisite and merry one  
Dew in starlight, dawn-flushed snow  
Sea foam in the beach-fire's glow  
Sword blade in the sun!

Brilliant and divine and mild  
As a roving star, you came  
Like the sweet Saint John, whose game  
Pleased the Holy Child.

Free limbed as a gypsy boy  
Up the cedar hill you run.  
Oh my white sword in the sun,  
My beautiful, my joy!

Oh, you swift lovely summer-hearted child!  
Rainbow and thunder and the fluting bird  
Our brother hermit thrush, whom we two heard  
Beyond the rain-wet pines now, till your wild  
Limbs stopped their play, your grey eyes  
    flashed and smiled.

Rainbow and lightning and the dawn-cold dew  
And foaming mountain brooks are met in you,  
Clothed in that amber body, curved and mild.

Dear One, I pray you, when past childhood's hours  
You step down bravely into that stern place  
Of the world's labor, keep your happy powers  
Clear as this mountain air. Oh, let your pace  
Be fleet and sure on earth. Let your soul's grace  
Shine, as your eyes shine, 'mong these hemlock  
    bowers.

## To a Maiden

The silver lilies stand like spears  
Before the wicket of your heart.  
You have not any other art  
To arm your fears.

And round your spirit's garden plot  
The golden thistles burn like stars.  
You have not any other bars  
To say "come not."

But one will come in whose brave hand  
The lilies will be soft as dew,  
The thistles falling light; and you  
Will understand.

## To a School Mistress

As in the rhythm of a song  
The singer is not bound but free  
So moves my merry girl along  
Your paths of ordered liberty.

School is no prison, and a book  
No dungeon, for her happy mind.  
She sparkles singing, like a brook  
Whose bright shores rule, but do not bind.

Life has its torrents, storm and flood,  
Its broken metres: but a truth  
Deeper than these, chants in the blood  
Of gallant and obedient youth,

Who know, unknowing, that the Law  
Is, somehow, lovely. You, who make  
Space for that melody, my awe,  
My love and thankful honor take!

## Father and Child

Your girl, with your own eyes,  
Your gift of finding life a good surprise,  
Your own impatience of an over-subtle world;  
Hunger for fun and glory.  
Behind her shoulder, as at yours, unfurled  
I see a flag, and her feet tread a story.  
Oh, princely pair, though other men may ponder  
On deep and delicate things, you two will show  
How bravely human hearts can go,  
As in deep ways and delicate you wander,—  
Eyeing all danger  
As a most welcome stranger,  
All joy  
As holy, healthy food, without alloy,  
And every pain,  
All sorrowful mystery,  
As solid links in the imperious chain  
That makes men brothers,—So, erect and free  
And chivalrous and unabashed, you fare,  
You and your girlie, into earth's wide air.

## For Travellers

My girlie going on the train,  
There's the light, see, there again !  
Over marsh and meadow rill,  
While I, on my cedar hill,  
Pray that all the trainmen are  
Watchful of each signal star.  
So my traveller, happy eyed,  
Safely through the night may ride.

Even so, on some far day  
(Ah, not so far away)  
I shall watch the children fare  
Forever past my hands' glad care.  
And I must stay at home and pray  
They shall meet upon their way  
Faithful spirits who will burn  
Each a brave torch in his turn,  
Lighting up the the long straight road,  
The dangerous path to God !

## To Joy in Absence

I'm hungry for your flesh against my heart,  
Quick little bolt of life, unversed in love,  
Swift-footed at my voice. I long to move  
My fingers on your neck, to pet and part  
Th'untoward, tender stubble of your hair,  
A comic crest above that vivid face.  
My breast aches for your tired body's grace,  
Naked at bedtime, in my hand's fond care.

Joy ! Joy ! My baby ! Through my eyelids smart,  
I see, beyond impatient years that rove,  
A child, intent, impetuous, who shall wear  
Forever such a look unshamed and fierce,  
Keen lightning from the summer sky, to pierce  
Past trifling, to the Truth's immortal face.

## To Katrine Rose

My pigeon with the rosy feet,  
My little sugarplum, my sweet,  
Coo to me, pretty, I entreat.

My blood in waves of music swims,  
At cuddled comfort of your limbs.  
You smile; the day with magic brims.

Oh, little package of delight,  
Seen in the candle's wavering light,  
Rose-dimpled, tiny, hungry sprite.

Laughing, I hold you to my breast;  
You take of me, and lo, I rest,  
The earth grown homelike as a nest.

Tiniest, fiercest, wee, wild thing  
Whose fingers, light as a butterfly wing,  
Pat me in heavenly, jesting glee,  
Babykins, love you me?

What may love be to you, starling sweet?  
Laughter and play and a bubbling fleet  
Of sudden, exquisite, ecstasies,  
Whimsical browed surprise?

My love is a flower from the sod of death,  
A torn, triumphant lift of the breath,  
Cry for the truth among shades, new trust  
Sharp as a rapier thrust.

But you, swift of pace as a clatter of bells,  
With eyes a-glitter like fairy wells,  
And fingers like random stars at play,  
Truants into our day.

You creature of dew-washed, golden guile,  
Whose kiss is a brushing of lips that smile,  
A pressing of lips that nothing desire,  
    Cool as a moonstone's fire.

Is love then, a starry angelic jest,  
Calmly poised, like a bird at rest,  
Sailing with wings outspread? Who knows?  
    My life, my star, my Rose!

## Ernesta

Impassioned exquisite, of fleet  
Ecstatic feet,  
Your blue eyes, bluer than your gown  
Flash black lightnings when you frown;  
On your red and subtle lips  
Elfin mystery curves and dips.

As in spring the swallow slips  
From the steely river's brim  
Up to the keen scented brightness  
Of the blooming pear tree's whiteness,  
So your swift moods whirl and skim  
From dark grief to flashing lightness  
Of unmeasured gayety.

We, the wearied laity,  
Your grave lovers, in whose books  
Life has printed many a page  
Of reflection sage,  
Of remorse and melancholy,  
We behold your shining folly  
And the storm cloud look

Of your free unfettered rage  
As the heritage  
Of a conquering nature, sent  
Fierce in all your merriment,  
Fearless in your wrath and wilful  
To destroy the dully skilful  
Grown-ups in their ancient game  
Of making brave new spirits tame.

Grief, we say  
Is the Life, the Path, the Way,  
Grief, the iron road for youth.  
But your sudden beauties tell  
    Of a fairer need,  
A more puissant miracle.  
How a little child shall lead  
Laughing, to the citadel  
Of the high and secret truth.

So at last,  
Wisdom being overpast,  
Love no longer being weakness,  
Shall the soul impatient cast  
Off its garb of ashen meekness,  
And in glowing robes of pride  
Shall leap past the haughty stars,  
    Spurning all the bars

Of despair and prudent fears,  
Cleaving the grey clouds of tears,  
Past the foaming spheres,  
    She shall leap  
O'er the parapets of Heaven.  
And there before the emerald throne  
    Shall not weep,  
Nor pittance of a beggar crave,  
    But swift and brave  
As one who cannot be denied,  
    Ask her own,

As you, my childie, leave your wilding game  
    And running to my side,  
Imperious, happy eyed,  
My heart, my time, my instant kisses claim.

I have a wild poem in my head,  
A clash and glitter of swift wings,  
But Nesta comes into my bed,  
Teases and kisses me and sings.

Why should we mothers seek in rhyme  
To span the mysteries of space,  
When, triumphing o'er space and time  
Heaven shines for us in a small face?

And yet, O wilful laughing girl  
Whose fingers brush my thoughts away,  
Your little form of fire and pearl  
Will throb, perhaps, like mine some day,

Beat with a message from some sphere  
Far from our warm, familiar earth,  
While in your deep young soul you hear  
Strange wings, that clash in wheeling mirth.

## Antibes

Girlies dance beside the sea,  
Wild and gay, wild and free.  
O'er their heads the sea gulls go ;  
On the purple Alps, the snow  
Shines, rose-shadowed. In the bay,  
Orange sails pass on their way.

Hercules, they say, once came  
To this land. Perhaps his fame  
Lingered still, when on the beach  
Thundered the Greek traders speech,  
And the Gallic chieftains gazed  
On the high prowed ships, amazed.

Earlier still Phoenician oars  
Touched the sand of these far shores.  
And in Roman years there sailed  
A small bark, where wept the veiled  
Marys out of Palestine,  
Bringing grief and hope divine.

Saracen and pirate crew  
Swept like storm clouds o'er the blue.  
Here crusading vessels passed ;  
One, the children's ship, whose mast  
Vanished ; one where Louis prayed  
Courteous-souled and unafraid.

Oh fair images that pass,  
Burning dream-shades in the glass  
Of the burnished sapphire bay,  
Bright you glitter, as my gay  
Children, dancing wild and free  
By the pools of Sister Sea.

## The Mother's Company

The Mother walks among her dears  
With happy eyes and quiet feet,  
And close about her, as the sweet  
Impatient children, flock past years.

This tall boy, Indian brown and slim,  
Was once all cream and roses, curled  
With rings of gold, who thought the world  
Was a spiced honey cake for him.

The slender girl, red haired, grey eyed,  
With a ship's chart in her strong hand,  
A few years past would prancing stand  
And fret to have her sashes tied.

Lo, he with cheeks wine-red today,  
Once a white shadow on white bed  
Lay through the weeks. His mother stayed  
All day to nurse, all night to pray.

And there was one, with clearest eyes,  
Clamoring for spoon to dig the sand,  
O happy girl, who on some strand  
Plays now with pearls in Paradise!

The Mother walks among her dears  
With dreaming eyes and steady feet,  
And close about her as the sweet  
Impatient children, flock past years.

**FRIENDS**



## To a Dear Guest

In this small room I leave to you,  
Dear friend, I pray you find  
No token how I grieve for you,  
But happily enshrined,  
The high things I believe of you,  
And comfort for your mind.

And while I humbly learn from you  
Your courage for this hour,  
The lilacs here will burn for you  
With beauty past my power;  
The slender plum-boughs turn to you  
Their sprays of foaming flower.

The swift, sweet birds will sing to you  
The things I cannot say;  
Night's dewy breeze will fling to you  
The little prayers I pray;  
The eastern light will bring to you  
My love and my good day.

Soon all my ways will part from you;  
My friendship shall not fade!  
Swift as the swallows dart to you  
Across the cedar glade,  
I will send back my heart to you,  
Singing and unafraid.

And if I go through death from you  
Fear not, but come again!  
Here will I keep my faith with you  
And you will hear me plain  
Speak with immortal breath to you  
In wind and flower and rain.

## An Evening Letter to a Friend

“Only a poem?” Francesca says.  
And in her clear and scornful gaze  
I read the folly of my ways.

For paper’s very white and thin,  
And ink is streaky black like sin,  
And how shall love be clothed therein?

If I had leaves of maple gold,  
And dipped my pen in aureoled  
Rivers that down from morning rolled;

If all the words were shaped like shells,  
Inwrought and lovely; sang like bells;  
Glittered like snow on moonlit fells;

If silver cymbals beat the time,  
And clashed to close the captured rhyme,  
While clarions rang an echoing chime;

Why then, perhaps, I’d dare to write  
A little poem for your delight.  
But now I only cry, “Goodnight!”

## **Ellen**

Deep, still, and gay,  
My Ellen lives beside us day by day.  
As elegant as fairy ladies are,  
As softly shining as the May month star.  
As practical as Martha; yet so wise  
That, by her smile, she turns whole destinies.  
And, lest our reverence should chill our love  
While her white fingers 'mong the tea cups move,  
Her leisured moonlit accents tell a story  
Of wit and malice and of worldly glory.

## William James

Without him, where is delight?  
This man bore a flag for us all.  
The turn of his head flashed light,  
    His look was a call.

A warrior, he cried to the Lord,  
A prophet, he saw men's need;  
His words gleamed out like a sword  
    That folly might bleed.

Those arrows of beautiful speech,  
Wit barbéd, meteor keen,  
Destroy every sham they reach  
    And Truth blooms between.

Death's chalice of night he drank;  
Now stars meet his equal eyes.  
And God for our friend we thank,  
    Though lonely earth lies.

## Ella

O towers of silver and turrets of white fire,  
Enchanted castle of my dear friend's heart,  
Castle of faith and mystical desire  
Where saintlike, she might live alone, apart!

Lo, from the drawbridge, with its chain of stars  
My Lady passes forth, her flag unfurled,  
And walks in silver might as stern as Mars,  
Inexorably blessing the torn world.

## Agnes

In love she is a woman, in laughter she's a girl;  
Blown into our dull lives on the west wind's whirl.

Strong swooping seabirds, above a rocky steep,  
Wing their circling splendor in her gown's quick sweep.

Prophet or fairy or puck-browed gnome,  
She cajoles them snugly to feasting in her home.

If the stars were naughty, sure she'd punish all,  
Then kiss and set them frolic free, the moon for their ball.

Brown braid crownéd I've seen her laughing stand  
Merry in the morning, her broom in her hand.

So in my heart's mind, I've seen her stand and lead  
Armies, her broom grown a living spear at need.

## To Ernest

Prophet, carpenter and friend,  
If the whirling worlds should end,  
And God called on you to frame  
New ones, worthier of His Name:  
Please, then, make a better me  
Still your humble friend to be.

## A Saint at Play

Where rainbows talk the talk of men  
And all the swords of hate are sheathed,  
In that sweet air my darling breathed  
Ere she came strolling to our ken.  
The elves and angels crowned her when  
She jested with the saints, and wreathed  
Her forehead with wild stars, bequeathed  
That beauty might be known again.

Now in the hurrying camp of earth  
Where hearts and mornings break in tears,  
Echoes the bugle of her mirth.  
Calling the captains by their name  
She smiles: and like a silver flame  
Virtue in every heart appears.

## The Intuitionist-Pragmatist

There was a young girl who said "Oh,  
"If there is any truth, it aint so.  
"Two and two look like four,  
"But perhaps they are more;  
"Ask me why, and I tell you, I *know!*"

## To Two Friends

Pray, darlings, write a letter,  
A telegram or post card, if naught better!

There is no pressing reason you should write  
Except the swift delight  
I feel when letters with the mark  
Of your dear hand appear,  
To bless a busy hour, cheer  
A stupid spirit, light the cumbered dark  
Of solitary thinking with the spark  
Of friendship's fiery hieroglyph in sky.

And there are hours  
Of a dumb wrestling with the heavenly powers  
When faces are too poignant, words too near;  
Then will a letter lie  
Like a more potent amulet at breast  
Being assurance, rest  
And comradeship of deepest sanctity.

A name to paper given,  
Written in love, is a gold key to heaven;  
A flag more haughty than the topmost trees,  
A wild, glad breeze,  
To blow the breath of fairy, foreign seas  
Into the closet of the mind.

And so, be kind.  
Send me a post card, telegram, or even better,  
A little darling letter!

## To an Aviator

Youth is a talent, not a common fact.  
All boys are immature: how many act  
With headlong, generous splendor, as you did  
One day in France, oh dear, immortal Sid?

Death passed you by, but in his passing threw  
Shadowless light on young, unfearful you.  
So in the years to come, we'll see you still  
As golden youth, winged with a flying will.

## A Portrait

Familiar, unfamiliar face!  
The cunning artist set aside  
The armored look of your habitual pride,  
And with his sure and delicate brush did trace  
The musing moods you oftenest hide.  
Calm browed, grave eyed,  
With the ironic grace  
Of concentrated will that for the moment slips  
Into a weary stillness on your lips.  
Yes, and the fierce, ambitious thirst for duty,  
Hunger for conquest, for self-conquest, only  
That your impatient soul and lonely  
Might scorn the battle won; these, touched with mirth  
At man's importancies, his petty scale of worth;  
All, crowned with your relentless chivalry,  
All this is there, set in authentic beauty,  
The mortal soul of you, immortally  
Portrayed.

Yet do not be afraid!  
The scrupulous painter, with his brush of flame  
Has seized your secret, but the fame

Is his forever. When we all are dead  
And stranger generations view  
The living fineness of that head,  
The deep, down-looking eyes  
That never lighted for a little prize ;  
The lips, so firmly lined,  
Tragic with many a spoken word unkind,  
But never twisted by a word untrue ;  
Then, not of you  
Shall wondering things be said.  
The painter's skill, the genius of his choice,  
In these will the yet unborn seers rejoice,  
Careless of every struggle that prepared  
His model for him ; whether you despaired  
Or triumphed at the last ; all this ignoring.

But of that curious throng  
One may arrive,  
A girl, it might be, with gay smile, imploring  
The past to open, you to come alive,  
And speak to her impetuous youth  
Some whisper of your hard won truth ;  
A man perhaps, with strong  
Unthwarted purpose, who would fain discern  
The source of your lips stern  
Assurance and command ;  
Or, one may pause and stand

Longer than these, a woman, in whose eyes  
All happiness lies drowned, but a surmise  
Sweeter than happiness shines very fair.  
Lo, she will turn  
Her clever, tired gaze  
Amusedly upon your portrait there,  
Will unembarrassed dare  
To recompense  
That shadow of your spirit with the gift  
Of exquisite intelligence,  
With pity, love and praise.  
Pity for pain endured and for the pride that still  
Forged your new pain, praise for the reckless will  
Love for the whole of you, as swift,  
As charming as her hand's quick lift  
To touch the gilded frame  
While her eyes seek upon the canvas dark,  
Some token, near the painter's mark,  
Of your mysterious, unremembered name.

WAR



## New York

Vast city, gaunt and desolate,  
Unlovely in the morning murk,  
Where myriad faces pass and wait  
With tired frown and smirk;  
Do those fierce gods who give thy gold increase  
Withhold the gift of peace?

Lo, where shall peace be found? In glare  
Of evening's white electric smile?  
Or on a clanging thoroughfare  
Where, mile on mile,  
Huge drays and jangling trams and motors rife  
Bellow their roadway strife.

The children peer through tangled hair,  
As quick they dart along the squalid street.  
We dream of youth in springtime's blossomed air,  
But here we greet  
Frail bodies, elfin swift, with feverish intent,  
On city errands bent.

“A nation’s heart,” “the arteries of trade”;  
Did God, then, quicken our great land to seek  
No more than this harsh loaf of daily bread?  
**Shall no man speak**  
Those words that to the hungry people give  
Vision, by which men live?

## The Pledged Word

1915

Man does not keep his word ; the word keeps him.  
It is his armor against evil chance,  
A shield from which all traitorous weapons glance,  
A guard of stern, implacable cherubim.

Man cannot break his word ; the word outraged  
Is still the master, man the wretched prey,  
Rent, tortured, bleeding, whom Truth scorns to slay,  
Till all her dreadful vengeance is assuaged.

Look now on Europe. Belgium safe in pain,  
Bleeding, betrayed, immortal, glorious,  
Crowned with high crowns, three times victorious,  
Throned near the altar of her blessed slain.

And look on Germany, who tore the scroll,  
Laughed at the compact, sneered at Truth and Faith,  
Behold, she learns in pangs of long-drawn death,  
That little scrap of paper was her soul.

## America

1915

My nation, are you bound in golden chains,  
Thrall of prosperity and sleek content?  
Have you forgot the passionate intent  
With which Columbus sailed? The bitter pains  
Of pilgrim winters? Valley Forge? Have gains  
Of heroes at Fort Wagner now grown dim?  
And Lincoln dead! Is there no blood of him  
Pulsing his message through the country's veins?

Look upon France, where tearless maids and wives  
Clasp on the sword, and men give up their lives,  
As altar candles, set about the Grail,  
Are trod by Vandals. What if we should fail,  
Drugged with sweet words and over-fed desire,  
To light again that trampled altar fire?

## Joy

My girlie labors at her lesson book  
With whispering baby lips and grave young eyes,  
And I gaze past her to the wintry skies,  
Out from the warm glow of our chimney nook.  
Behold, strange shapes there! For I seem to look  
On Russia, in convulsive agonies;  
A land of snow and chaos, bloody cries,  
A nation whom all Gods have now forsook.

How shall the world be saved? By fire and sword,  
Wrath, strategy, diplomaey, the sum  
Of cunning statesmanship? Or will peace come  
Wrought by all hearts that in their childhood learn  
Truth, love and liberty's impassionate word  
In quiet homes where the gay hearth-fires burn?

## At Night

Oh, surely it was right my man should go  
And do his bit in France. I would not keep  
Him by me. Yet, sometimes I long to know  
Where does my comrade sleep?

I have no son to pray for. He is all—  
Son, husband, father, lover, perfect friend.  
He was not brave to go: there came a call;  
He was the one to send.

We had ten years of blessedness. I pass  
Crowned, shod with them. I do not droop or weep,  
Only at night I look across the grass  
And wonder, “Does he sleep?”

## Earl Kitchener

Fear death? I who have dealt it forth like fire  
On withered grass,—have seen my men fall sheer  
Like corn before the reaper,—shall I fear  
Because the black waves, crested green, rise higher  
In tattered pinnacles and walls of ire?  
Their power is stayless, though untormented by shells  
Which ploughed the North Sea into whistling hells  
For Hood's six thousand. And shall I require  
The pillow'd cosseting of fools that weep?  
What though my toil be done for England's faith,  
My plan of grim, unbreakable design,—  
Strangling the foe within our circled line,  
That shall not die. Nor do I balk at death;  
For I have sown, and there be men to reap!

## Rupert Brooke

The deathless dead stood up and challenged him  
Who strolled so proudly into their proud place.  
His golden curls shone with the lordly grace  
Of an archangel's helm. Each lovely limb  
Glowed like white sunlight, though his hands were grim  
With earthly battle, and his perfect face  
Bore fiery marks. They gazed a little space.  
And asked who entered to their regions dim.

Then from his throat the fearless music came  
Of English words: "No risen soldier tells  
"So poor a thing as his mere mortal name  
"Who died for England in the Dardanelles."  
And the great ghosts in answer lifted up  
The flashing welcome of Death's loving cup.

## The Emperor

Above the year-long battle field  
In Flanders and in Hungary  
High o'er the silvered Alps, I see  
The Emperor who will not yield.

The Lord and Princee, the Crucified,  
Hangs on His Cross, through crimson years.  
And every hiss of pain He hears,  
And every bullet tears His side.

God gave us to Him for His own,  
And so each foe and infidel  
Prisoner and spy, He knows full well,  
Yea, every wife who weeps alone.

And when we say we hold Him dear,  
Christ thunders from His Cross above  
“Blaspheme not! Say not me ye love,  
“Until you love your brothers here.”

Above the year long battle field,  
The North Sea graves, the agony  
Of trench and marsh and sand—I see  
The Emperor who will not yield.

## New Air

How can we breathe this air?  
We, used to leaden vapors of despair;  
To the slow, laboring breath of the oppressed,  
Mornings of foggy pain and nights of choking rest?

We,  
Suddenly set free —  
How can we draw  
Draughts of this air, surcharged with holy awe;  
Pure, tingling, wonderful, limpid as dew,  
The air of freedom! Is the vision true?  
Shall we, who dreamed of liberating death  
Stand up, alive and free, and taste the breath  
Of peace, of peace? The conquest given  
To righteous arms at last? Is it the air of Heaven  
That stings like starlight, is it earthly air  
That floods our breasts, that surges like a prayer  
Through heart and limbs? Oh, Lord, Who gave  
Us strength in suffocating darkness, give us power  
To greet this morning, make us brave  
To bear the glory of this hour.

November 11, 1918.

[74]

## Theodore Roosevelt

O great American, who stayed  
At home while armies fought for right,  
There was no mist upon your sight  
There is no rust upon your blade.

Today you walk with all the rest  
Who died for freedom ; and His hand,  
Who holds the single High Command,  
Shall place the War Cross on your breast.

January 6, 1919.

## The Last Crusade

When shall the nations come, O Lord,  
To stand like children at Thy side,  
Dropping their rusted toy, the sword,  
Forgetful of their fear and pride?

Like eager children, who have heard,  
Above the shouting of their game,  
A halting cry, a haunting word,  
Tale of a new and dangerous fame.

And so, like children who forget  
Their hate, when fresh adventure calls,  
Hark to the legend, passionate  
And challenging, of Rome that falls;

And of Jerusalem that waits,  
Across the dreadful seas of love,  
Till nations storm her flashing gates,  
And all mankind are Lords thereof.

SUNLIGHT



## To Brother Sun

Patient, miraculous, triumphing sun,  
All pervading, magnificent One,

Fire of Fire and Heat of Heat,  
Are you the throne of the Mercy Seat,

Or are you but a wee taper, lit  
In the court where God's least angels sit?

## The Poet's Catch

What shall I catch in my net of words?  
Thunderclouds, meteors, children, birds?  
But first of all and last of all  
The Lord God's fingers, holding our small  
And darling world, like a golden ball.

## Newbury

After long absence seen afresh

    My little land, my own !

Flesh truly of my very flesh,

    Bone of my bone.

God in His gracious wisdom made,

    Not of two clays but one,

My heart and this dear orchard glade

    Lit with late sun.

The ferns shed on my soul new light,

    And, as the evening tide

Drowns the salt marshes here tonight,

    Full brims my pride.

Flesh of my very flesh, Kind Lord,

    Is here each flower and stone,

And every cedar like a sword ;

    Land of my own !

## An Easter Violet

Grew this flower in my garden ?  
No, it grew in my own heart.  
I felt the tiny rootlets part  
The ground that only sin can harden,  
That only sorrow's rainy art  
Can soften. A blue flame of pardon,  
I saw the lovely flower upstart,  
And with its green leaf like a dart,  
Beheld it thine, dear love, who art  
The Lord of all my garden !

## Ferns

Violets tell of Paradise  
Spring, and birds, and lovers' greeting.  
Lilies tell of sacrifice,  
Roses are for joy of meeting.

Sweeter than all flowers that bloom,  
Cool and pure and frail and tender,  
Are the ferns that in the gloom  
Of the woodland rise up slender.

Flowers to the earthly sense  
Speak their secrets, heart to heart.  
Ferns to the intelligence  
Do their subtler tale impart.

So let all the senses sleep ;  
Let the spirit wake and brood,  
Where the ferns wave in the steep  
Shadowed coolness of the wood.

## Calix Florum

How shall I quench my thirst for flowers?  
For amaryllis blazing fair  
Beyond the cool space of the lawn;  
White Shirley poppies, pale at dawn  
Trembling like sea foam on the air.

And April bowers

Where the new grape leaves shine  
Flushed with red promise of the wine.

I crave the harebell's perfect blue,  
The wise, dear scent of mignonette;  
A quince bud's sculptured pearl and rose:  
May hawthorn bloom, like dawn-tinged snows,  
And, in the garden border, wet

With evening dew,

Small sprays of heliotrope  
That wound the mind with memory and hope.

How shall I drink the beauty deep  
Of wild-rose tangles near the sea,  
Tossed by the south-west wind that passes,  
Whipping the delicate dune grasses  
To lines, of quivering silver glee,  
That bend and sweep  
Their small rings on the sand,  
Like circles by a fairy's hand ?

I thirst for the high pastures where  
The laurel, virginal and stern,  
Blooms in her vestal solitude ;  
And for the friendly little wood,  
Above the mill stream's noise, where burn,  
Priestly and rare,  
The unforgettable fires  
Of midsummer cardinal spires.

I thirst, I drink, I am not fed ;  
These beauties run in every vein ;  
Like love, they will not be denied ;  
Like love, they are not satisfied :  
O flowers fraught with splendid pain,  
Uncomforted  
Among your glories, I  
Give thanks, still yearningly.

Not till your many blooms, in one  
Immortal wine dissolve and glow,  
Mixed with the sea and wind and mist  
And mountain peaks of amethyst,  
Not till into the wine bowl flow  
    The stars and sun,  
    O flowers, can you fill  
The deep thirst of one human will !

## The Dream

I found a garden in my dream, all lilies, roses  
And heliotrope and secret shady closes.  
Alleys were there, bordered with gorgeous phlox,  
Larkspur and foxglove and tall hollyhocks,  
Snapdragon, winey spiced, and gillyflowers;  
And there were bowers  
Where, 'mong the deep bells of the trumpet vine,  
I saw the humming birds, tiny and splendid, shine.  
Near by, a pool  
Fringed round with sword leaved iris, keen and cool:  
A little plot  
Of rose tipped daisies and forget-me-not,  
And by a sun dial's melancholy plinth,  
A bed of pure new fern and summer hyacinth.  
The air was hung with tangled odors, sweet  
In the day's fading heat;  
Up from the river bed the swallows flew  
Across the amber sky, while the first dew  
Fell soft on heart and flowers. Then at the garden's end  
I saw my lost, beloved friend.  
Smiling he stood a moment: swiftly came

Striding amid the twilit bloom; but when he  
spoke my name  
The beauty grew too beautiful, and broke:  
The garden faded, and I woke.

## Lone Pine Hill

Triumphant caravans of praise  
Stalk the procession of my days.

What treasure from the jewelled Ind  
Is curious as a good child's mind?

What fairy nymphs o'er waters rule  
More limpid than my mountain pool?

Can nightingale or skylark sing  
As did last evening's thrush on wing?

What unicorn or griffin shines  
More dreadful than my porcupines?

Triumphant caravans of praise  
Stalk the procession of my days.



## **PRAYER**



## A Song for My Lord

Others bring Christ their pain, dismay,  
Their terror and their sadness;  
My humble gift is bright and gay,  
A little song of gladness.

Yes, I have sorrowed. And I know  
Christ bends above our weeping;  
But he has many burdens, so  
My joy is for his keeping.

For I am joyful, Christ my Lord,  
Glad as the April swallow;  
Over me blows your mighty word  
And all my heart cries "Follow."

## A Little Song for Death

An arrow dropping through the snow  
    Sure of its buried mark,  
So straight and still my heart will go  
    Into the silver dark.

A sword blade, cleaving swift and clear  
    Through glistening sea-foam,  
So will my heart, stripped clean of fear,  
    To death's deep place go home.

## To Those Who Make Formulas

We've tethered truth in one neat word,  
As those who would the whirlwind bind.  
But suddenly a gust is heard!  
All the tall ships and trees are stirred,  
While truth goes free, and leaves behind  
Only a neat and empty word.

## Sisters of Worship

Three sisters point the way to prayer:  
Work, climbing up her rocky stair,  
With look of faith to sunlit hills;  
Beauty, that like a woodthrush trills  
Dissolving music in still lands;  
And love, deep-bosomed, with grave hands  
And eyes that give and ask and bless,  
Lighting the soul to holiness.

## Grief's Rival

Sorrow cried to me, and said,  
“Joy I am not jealous of,  
“And I do not envy love,  
“One foe only do I tread.

“And his name is little grief,  
“Worry, trivial sorrowing.  
“From my wealth he’s borrowing  
“Always, the ignoble thief.

“When I strike a happy heart,  
“Or a heart all love-entwined,  
“Deep the blow strikes, and the mind  
“Deeply ponders on the smart.

“But when to a worried soul  
“Sorrow enters, my intrusion  
“Only adds to the confusion,  
“Cannot cleanse and make it whole.”

How the flesh craves to melt its form and be  
One word, one act, a single arrow sped  
Straight at life's target; one clear torrent shed  
Down a deep gulch into the thirsting sea.  
Oh, to exchange this long complexity  
Of heart and senses and the laboring head  
Into a leaping wholeness! To be paid  
All in one moment to Eternity.

What wind is there to sweep us from the dead  
Shards of old purpose? What shall set us free  
From tangled groping? Can naught make the whole  
Of man's poor dust into a flame-swift soul?  
The answer thunders round us as we pray.  
“I am the Path, my children, and the Way.”

## His Ways

God's time is very large : He counts men's hours  
With a calm hand, as children gather flowers.  
The measured majesty of moon-moved tides,  
The fiery breath of Aetna, these He guides  
With silver rods of wisdom and of love ;  
And all our feverish terrors doth reprove,  
Bidding us bring our troubled hearts to rest,  
Safe in His word, as birdies on their nest.

## Prayer

Prayer is a silence, wind and fire.  
A fire to burn the shell of sense,  
And leave us naked to our day.  
A wind to blow desire's mists away.  
A silence infinite, intense,  
Deep as the whirlpool's centre whence  
The waters of life are flung in surging spray.

## On Modern Talk of Sex

Stars, flowers, thunder, music, thought, all these  
Are keys to open life's dear mysteries.

Why call one key a name so bare and crude  
That it can only force the doors to rude  
And graceless visions?

Oh, you modern youth,

Who prate so glibly of the "naked truth,"  
Truth, shod with stars, and clad in flowers and thunder  
Has fled from you, and on the Hills of Wonder  
Walks between thought and love and glorious  
death.

. . . Repent and pray, ye children of unfaith!

## The Captain

Oh arrogant and meek, Adored,  
Our Savior, Minister and Lord,  
Who brought us peace and eke the sword!

“Light is My burden, mild My yoke,”  
The Man who looked on sorrow, spoke;  
And thunderous echoings awoke.

His own neck bent beneath the load  
Of that fierce cross that points to God.  
Men spat upon Him in the road.

He bids us bring our grief, and rest  
Like little children in His breast,  
Till sudden hear we His behest,

“Sell all thou hast, thy life give up,  
“Drain utterly the outcast’s cup;  
“On persecution drink and sup.”

O Prince of Peace, Who washed the feet  
Of sinners, and sat down to meat  
With startled wantons of the street,

Your life for me is scourge and light,  
Refuge and accusation, bright  
With love, and dark with awful might.

But over all your deeds, above  
Tempestuous woe and flame-bright love,  
One saying floats, a golden dove,

The word of Him whose sorrows flow  
Resounding through the ages, “Lo,  
“Forgive them, God, they do not know!”

## Calvary

That night of riven rocks and bloody dew,  
Christ in his anguish saw his brothers stand  
Lusting for death ; beheld each upraised hand  
A flag of shame. Faint on the cross he knew,  
Century long, would all men, I and you,  
Deny our saviors ; and with one great cry  
His love, as lightning, pierced the farthest sky,  
“Father, forgive, they know not what they do.”

O tenderness more terrible than fire,  
O mercy, mightier than raging seas,  
His word still burns away our false desire,  
And washes down our sandbuilt caves of ease,  
Till, saved by flood and flame, each sinner knows,  
God pardons even us, Truth’s paltry foes.

## Prayer

Into God's grace I dive, as under seas  
Deep, dim and cool, the tired body slips,  
Leaving the wave crests and the pluméd ships,  
The seething storm wrack and the rainbow leas,  
To cleave clear down, through emerald silences,  
Into the heart of silence, where light dies,  
And darkness has no colour, and sound flies,  
And quietness broods on through centuries.

Even so today, in one long plunge of prayer,  
Spurning the wind rocked waves of love and care,  
The buffeting stress of life's insistencies,  
I dive deep into silence of God's will,  
Profounder than the utmost seas' abyss,  
Wordless and wonderful and very still.













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